THE DAYSPRING.

"THE DAYSPRING FROM ON HIGH HATH VISITED US."

OLD SERIES, VOL. XXXIV.
NEW SERIES, VOL. I., No. I.

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WILLIE'S mother wished him "a Happy New Year," and gave him a sweet kiss, and told him that he must be good all the year through. Willie wanted to impart this lesson as well as practice it; so he went into the parlor and said to his two little kittens: "Now, Kitties, this is New Year's Day; you must be good to-day and all the year. You mus n't bite nor scratch folks, nor claw the things, nor steal; but be good kitties.

For The Dayspring.

THE NEW YEAR.

BY W. P. T.

"FATHER, say, what shall we write
On the page, so fair and white,
Of this book of gold and blue, —
Eighteen hundred eighty-two?"

"Children dear, I cannot tell;
But be sure of this, write well!
Leave no blot upon the page
To pain the eye, in youth or age."

"Mother dear will tell us, then,
What to write with our new pen.
Won't you, mother? Come, now, say,
What shall we put down to-day?"

"Darlings, none can tell another
What to write, not even mother.
What you ask, no one can give;
What you write, is how you live.

"This Book of Life, with clasp of gold,
Opened to-day for young and old,
Is not for *words* that swiftly fade,
But *deeds*, on every page inlaid.

"Do right, my children, day by day;
That record will be sure to stay.
Each page will shine with love and light,
Each good deed glow like stars of night."

When mother put the lambs to bed
The Book of Life lay open spread,
And when they kissed good-night and prayed,
A star shone from the page, inlaid.

For The Dayspring.

MARIE'S HAPPY NEW YEAR.

BY LOUISE L. BELL.

IT was Christmas-eve. The night had begun to fall, and one by one the stars shone out in the sky. The shop windows had been lighted for some time, showing to the passer-by the Christmas goods displayed so tastefully within. The streets of the great city were full of people. Each one jostled against his neighbor, everybody was in a hurry, and all were good-natured, as if this Christmas-tide had indeed brought its message of "peace and good-will" to each heart.

"Every one is kind to-night," thought little Marie.

She had seated herself on the steps of the great church to count her money, some of which had been slipped into her hand by good-natured souls who had not stopped to receive in exchange for the coin a bunch of the artificial flowers which she sold.

Marie counted her earnings, put them back into the little bag, set her empty basket beside her on the step, drew her thin shawl close about her head and shoulders; and as she rested her weary frame her mind was filled with thoughts of her life, so short, and yet so full of sorrow.

How well she remembers a Christmas-eve — how long ago it seems! — in the sunny land of France. Again she sees the dear parents who with smiling faces watch their dark-eyed darling as she dances about the brilliantly lighted tree, chattering the while of the wonderful gifts, — all for her.

This picture fades away, and another fills its place. A mother and daughter weep together; the father has been called to the heavenly home; they must leave their dear native land to seek their fortune in a far-off country.

Now she sees a great ship. It is tossing about on the waves; and the sailors, with rough hands but tender hearts, lower something into the water. It is the form of the dear mother who has sickened and died on the voyage.

The last picture shows the little orphan girl in the home of her only friend, a woman whom she met in the steerage and who offered to befriend her.

The home is a wretched hole, not worthy of the name. The poor child, scantily clothed and half fed, is thrust into the streets to earn her bread. At night, when she returns weary and sad, she receives no tender good-night kiss; a harsh word, a cruel blow, that is all.

These thoughts flashed through the little flower-seller's brain much faster than I can relate them. Suddenly she is roused from her revery by the sound of the church clock, which strikes eight.

"Eight hours!" she exclaims. "I must hasten, or I shall have no time for a look at the beautiful things on my way home."

She snatches up her basket and hurries along, stopping now and then to feast her eyes on the lovely sights to be seen in the stores on her way. She utters an exclamation of delight at a beautiful wax doll; it is placed close against a window-pane in a large toy-shop. Marie presses her face to the outside of the window, and chatters away to the waxen beauty within. "My beautiful one!" she says, "how I wish I could take you in these arms to hug and to kiss you! Darling! Sweet one!"

There is no knowing how long the child would have prattled on to this new-found treasure, had she not been interrupted by a gentle tap on her shoulder. She turned, to see before her a beautiful lady, who held by the hand a little girl of about her own age. Marie thought she had never seen such a beautiful creature as this child, with her golden hair and wonderful brown eyes; quite as dainty and much prettier than the waxen doll in the window.

"Are you cold, little girl?" It was the lady who spoke.

"I have cold till I look in the windows, then I forget."

"You poor little thing!" said the lady.

Then the lady questions Marie, till she hears from her, little by little, in her broken English, the story of her past life.

"Oh, mamma," said the pretty child, whose name was Nellie, "don't let her go back to that horrid woman; take her home with us to-night!"

"Be patient, dear," said her mother, "I cannot take her with us to-night; we must hasten, as we are already belated, and you are to have the Christmas-tree at nine o'clock, remember. To-morrow, little girl (turning to Marie), I will see what we can do for you; trust me that all will be made right. Good-by, dear."

"Good-by, little girl," said Nellie.

Marie saw her new friends step into a carriage. She watched them till they were out of sight; then she went to her own wretched lodging-place, but with a new hope in her heart born of the kind lady's words.

That night the little flower-seller slept, in her little straw bed, to dream of golden-haired children and beautiful wax dolls.

The next day Marie awoke with a light heart, and all day long, as she wandered up and down the streets trying to sell her flowers, the thought of her new friends made her forget both cold and hunger; but when night came, and she had heard no word from them, she cried herself to sleep. A whole week went by and still no tidings; she felt herself indeed forsaken.

. . . . . .

New Year's Day dawned bright and clear. The little flower-seller went about her task as usual, but when the passer-by shouted "A Happy New Year" to the friend whom he chanced to meet on the street, there was no echo of this happiness in her little heart; it was full of anguish. She was more fortunate than usual in disposing of her stock of posies, and at five o'clock in the afternoon she set out for home with an empty basket on her arm.

As Marie drew near the hovel in which she lived, what was her surprise and delight to see before its very door the same carriage which bore away her friends on Christmas-eve.

Entering the house she saw the kind lady. The little girl was not with her now, but a gentleman stood by her side; they were talking earnestly with that "horrid woman," as Nellie had called her.

The lady gave Marie a smile of welcome, and said, "Did you think I had forgotten you, dear? On Christmas morning I was called to the bedside of a sick friend, and this is the first opportunity I have had to come to you; but, if you did not have a 'Merry Christmas,' it is not too late for a 'Happy New Year.' Will you come home with me now, little girl?"

Marie could scarcely believe her ears, but her heart beat with joy as she tried to tell her kind friend how gladly she would go with her if she were allowed to do so, and she glanced up timidly into the face of the woman who had treated her so cruelly.

The woman replied to the question in Marie's eyes by saying, in a loud, coarse voice, "Yes, you lazy chit, this lady is willing to pay me for your services; I tell her she is welcome to you, so go along!"

Then the lady took her hand and led her to the carriage.

The horses bore them swiftly along the road, and it was not long before they reached their destination. Such a home as Marie had never seen before was this elegant mansion where her friend lived, and her eyes opened wide with surprise as she saw the many beautiful things to be found within.

Her little friend Nellie was waiting to receive her. She welcomed her kindly, and then said, —

"Now come upstairs with me just as quick as you can; mamma is to have her mission class here to-night, and you will have just time to get ready for them."

It is astonishing what marvels can be wrought by soap and water. An hour later, when Nellie Talbot entered the parlor leading Marie by the hand, no one would have recognized the little flower-seller, in her new dress, with clean face and hands and neatly braided hair.

The mission class were all seated around the room. Marie was a little timid at first, but she soon forgot to be bashful as she joined with the other children in the pretty games which Nellie brought them.

The best part of the evening was the call to the sitting-room. The children shouted for joy when they saw the beautiful presents spread out on a large table. Mrs. Talbot distributed the gifts. No one was forgotten, and Marie's cup of happiness was full when a beautiful doll, very like the one she had seen in the shop window, was placed in her arms.

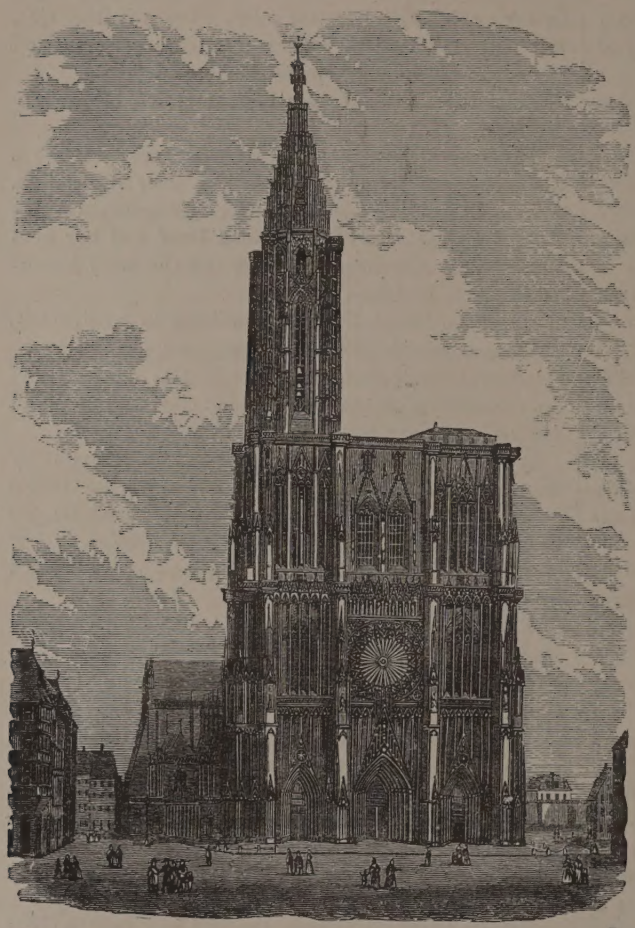
After a bountiful supper the children sang a New Year's hymn and returned to their homes.

Having thanked her kind friends again and again for such a "Happy New Year," Marie was shown to a neat little chamber, where she slept peacefully with dollie clasped in her arms.

The little French girl lived with Mrs. Talbot many years; she was taught to be useful in many ways, and so faithfully did she serve her good mistress that she never had cause to regret her kindness to the little waif.

To-day Marie has a home of her own, and her children often beg their mamma to tell them the story of her "Happy New Year." They seem never to tire of hearing it.

GOD has given to each one of you the power to say what you will be twenty years hence, if you will begin *now;* but if you postpone beginning until the time comes round, you will find that character and condition do not depend on our own will at the time, but on what we have done previously to bring them about, to create them, or put them forth. Again I say, you must make up your minds what you will be; this also you must become, cost what it will; and you must set about it immediately. — *Dr. James Walker.*



STRASBOURG CATHEDRAL.

THE famous cathedral of Strasbourg was founded in 1015, the interior finished in 1275, and the spire completed in 1439. It is 357 feet in length and 140 feet in width. Its spire is 466 feet high; being the tallest structure built by man, except the pyramid of Cheops and the Cathedral of Vienna. It was intended to have a twin spire on the other corner, but it has never been erected.

The front of the church is elaborately ornamented with carving and sculpture, representing scenes in the life of Christ, of the apostles, and of saints, besides statues of kings and warriors. The interior of the building is grand and impressive. Fourteen great cluster-pillars uphold the lofty Gothic-arched roof, over one hundred feet above the pavement. Midway, and above arches that unite the pillars, is a beautiful Gothic gallery on both sides; and many of the great stained-glass windows, representing scriptural subjects, are of wondrous beauty. In the nave is a beautiful pulpit built in 1486, and covered with little statuettes delicately carved. Not far from it is the organ, up midway between the floor and the arched ceiling.

In the tower is the celebrated astronomical clock, regarded as one of the wonders of the world. It needs to be wound up only once in ninety-nine years. It shows not only the apparent but the astronomical time, the eclipses, and other celestial phenomena; and at noon every day there is a wonderful performance of automatic figures. Figures representing Childhood, Youth, Manhood, Old Age, and Death appear in succession; the twelve apostles pass in procession before their Master; and Chanticleer, perched above all, claps his wings and gives three rousing crows.

For The Dayspring.

ENTOMOLOGICAL ALPHABET.

O.

"A sorry team and a heavy load,
Is monstrous 'spensiv' on de road;
And when you come to d' top o' d' hill,
De oder side am harder still."

Negro Song.

AND that is exactly where we are now;
We have climbed the hill and are over the brow,
And looking ahead we can plainly discover
What rocks and bogs we have still to go over;
Twelve letters remain (and some tough ones) yet,
Before we can finish our Alphabet.
But mark a happy coincidence here:
It takes twelve months to complete a year,
And if we are punctual all the year through,
When ends the year, our task will, too.

But now, to make a long story brief,
They say each new year should turn o'er a new leaf;
And we should do it, one and all,
Not only in great things but also in small,
And remember this proverb, whoe'er would excel:
Whate'er is worth doing is worth doing well.
Another piece of wisdom, too,
Hits me, young readers, as well as you:
Would you swim o'er a stream, you must first plunge in;
Would you finish a job, you must first begin.

Well, now, in coming o'er the hill we've met
The hardest obstacle encountered yet.
'T is not the rooted, but the rolling stones
That threaten most the mountain-traveller's bones,
And such a rolling stone (its shape may show)
Plagues my poetic *feet* — the letter O.
"Orange-tip Butterfly" 's a pretty name;
"Oak-beauty Moth" 's acquaintance I can't claim,
"Oil-beetle" is an insect which the books
Do not commend for odor or for looks.
Except these three no insect do I know,
With English name, whose name begins with O.
Such names as *Oxypod* and *Ocypus*
To Greeks are more familiar than to us.
So we may sum up what remains to say,
With a few words about the *Orthoptera:*
Straight-winged insects, the Greek name implies,
In Eastern lands sometimes of monstrous size.
We class them: Runners, Walkers, Jumpers, Snatchers
(These last, though seeming Pray-ers are prey-catchers,

And of this set I think it will be better,
To speak at length under another letter).
Walkers and Jumpers have received attention
(Crickets and Locusts); them we need but mention.
The Runners every child knows, — the Cockroaches, —
They travel in the dark like long black coaches.
In India they go racing through the house
So fast, I once mistook one for a mouse.
What myriads of creatures God has made
To run, walk, climb, fly, crawl, dive, swim, and wade!
Each is for some wise purpose made, no doubt;
For what, we cannot always quite find out.
But still, the more we search His works and ways,
The more we find to bless, admire, and praise! C. T. B.

SUNDAY AFTERNOON TALKS.

I. — Courage.

BY REV. HOWARD N. BROWN.

THERE was once a little white rabbit, the pet of a family of children, which determined on a certain bright morning in summer to see a little more of the world. He did not mean to go very far, being by nature very timid and having learned by hard experience that there were a great many ugly dogs in the world. But he thought by going on cautiously and keeping near the fences he might explore a few of the neighboring fields.

After a time, having met with no fright, and having seen no creature except the birds, he grew more bold, and, as he felt rather frolicsome, he thought he would try a short run, just to see how quickly he could reach a corner in the fence a little distance away. Off he went, and he enjoyed it so much that he shot by the corner and out into the open field. As he did so he heard a great clatter of hoofs, and a loud, hoarse voice cried out, "Here you, sir, stop! Come back here, or I'll catch you and eat you up at a mouthful."

Of course the rabbit only ran away the faster; but the terrible creature (what-ever it was) started in pursuit, and presently the rabbit found himself driven into the angle of a tight board fence, from which there was no way of escape. So he crept as far as he could into the corner, and, shivering with fright, looked back to see what dreadful thing it was that was about to destroy him. He saw an animal with a head much larger than the rabbit's whole body, above which rose two very long ears, and covered all over with a shaggy gray coat which made him look to the poor rabbit very fierce indeed.

He came up to the rabbit, put his nose down close, opened his mouth wide, and uttered a roar which sounded like half a dozen cracked trumpets, and which made the poor rabbit's heart stand still with terror.

"Oh, please sir," gasped he, "if you are going to eat me do it quick."

For answer down came the mouth again, and again was sounded that horrible roar. Then the creature demanded, "How dare you come bouncing upon one in that manner, and startling one out of his wits?"

"Please sir," pleaded the rabbit, "I did n't know you were there, and I was only having a little frolic."

"Having a frolic!" shouted the creature. "Did n't you know that this is my field, and that I don't allow anybody to frolic here but myself?"

No, the rabbit did n't know it, and he begged and entreated that he might be let off this time. He was very sorry, and never would do it again as long as he lived, and had a big piece of gingerbread at home that he would give if only the creature would forgive him this once. But in response to every appeal down came the great mouth and repeated its unearthly bray.

Just as the rabbit had finally given himself up for lost, a small head peeped over the fence, and a quiet voice said, "Ain't you ashamed of yourself, a great big donkey, to torment a little bit of a rabbit so! Why don't you pick a quarrel with some one of your size?"

It was the house-cat, who had been mousing in the next field, and hearing the donkey's noise had run up to see what was the matter.

"Get down from the fence and be off with you," said the donkey. "It 's no business of yours and you had better not meddle."

"Yes, it is my business," said the cat, "I've as much right here as you, and you have got to leave this poor rabbit alone."

So saying, she jumped down from the fence, and standing before the rabbit she faced the donkey, every hair on her back and tail standing straight out like a brush.

The donkey was taken a little aback by her attitude; still, he thought he could easily frighten her, so he thrust his nose towards her, and opened his mouth for another bray. But as quick as a flash the cat put both paws, one on each side, into the great flabby nose, and before the bray was finished the donkey's nose was high in air, and he was running away as fast as his legs could carry him.

The cat made the rabbit walk by her side across the open field, and every time they came near the donkey the cat gave a little spring toward him, whereat the donkey took to his heels in a panic and the rabbit laughed till his sides were sore.

Now I say, children, whenever you see one of your number tormenting and frightening weaker and smaller children, you can be sure that there is a boy or girl with no more courage than this donkey had. For whenever people are really brave they are always kind to the timid and weak. The first thing I have to say to you then is that you must not mistake loud talk and bluster and bray for courage. It is something quite different from that; and you will find that they are always cowards who oppress those unable to resist them.

The next thing I have to say to you is that there is no such thing as courage to do wrong. It is cowardice that leads people into mischief, while courage helps them to do right. I want you to understand this very clearly because people who do mean and unworthy things some-

times think they are very brave. There is a recklessness which says, "Come on; who 's afraid?" but that is not true courage. The boy who is readiest to call others cowards for refusing to do what they know they ought not to do, is always the first to run away when there is any trouble; and he is pretty sure, instead of owning up and taking his punishment bravely, to lie out of a scrape if he can and leave others to suffer. This sort of recklessness, which delights to do mischief and lead others into wrong, is nothing but cowardice trying to put on the appearance of bravery. You all know the old fable of the ass who tried to be a lion by putting on a lion's skin. Well, when people seem to be bold in doing wrong it is nothing but the donkey trying to appear like a lion, and I should like to show you the donkey's ears underneath this recklessness that looks, at first sight, like courage.

For The Dayspring.

LITTLE BERTHA'S CALL.

BY M. O. ALTON.

LITTLE BERTHA had grown tired of making pictures in the steam on the window; so she flattened her nose against the large pane, and spread her fingers wide apart upon it on each side of her face. She looked down the crooked street at a queer little house just on the corner and said, "How d' do, grandma!"

Now there was nobody in sight, and you may wonder to whom the little girl was speaking. She was an odd child, and had many queer fancies; one of which was that she could see faces in many objects at which she looked. This little house at the corner, she thought, looked "just like grandma," so many miles away. There were two windows in the gable end, high up under the eaves, which looked at her pleasantly, just like grandma's eyes, which, as Bertha once said, grew "pretty far up to her hair." Then the door, just a bit to one side, instead of being in the middle below the windows, was "ever so much like grandma's nose."

"I do wonder 'n *wonder* who lives in the grandma house," said Bertha softly. She had not lived in her new home very long, for her papa and mamma had left their home and dear grandma in Vermont and come away here to live. "I b'lieve I ought to go and call there and find out. Preps some little girl there wants to know who I am, — I *most* know so." She jumped down from her chair and said to herself, "*I 'm* just a-going straight *now*," and she ran to the closet. "Mind to take mamma's bonnet," she said, as she saw it lying on the shelf, where it was carefully placed. "Course, *she* would want me to look *nice* the first time I go to the grandma house; and I — don't — *b'lieve* — she 'd care — much — no, not *m–u–c–h*."

Bertha spoke very slowly, so slowly that one might easily have doubted if she did *quite* believe it in her heart. But she pulled down the bonnet, and tied the strings, so broad and smooth, in a close knot under her chubby chin.

"I guess I might as well take Jenny's wax doll, too," she whispered; and she lifted a large, beautiful doll from a handsome box on the lower shelf.

Bertha was not allowed to have this doll at all, for she had a great many little ones of her own, and Jenny, who was four years older, was very choice of the handsome "Empress Josephine," which had been her last birthday gift.

"Course I sha'n't hurt her, jes' makin' a call, *course* not; and then, *my!* won't they think I 'm a nice girl to dress so pretty and carry *such* a doll!"

Bertha looked over her shoulder as she said this, but nobody was near, and she opened the door and walked slowly and carefully down the stone steps and trudged off. It took her only a minute or two to reach the door and ring the bell of the little "grandma house." A pleasant-faced young girl opened the door, and looked smilingly down at the queer little visitor.

"Have you got any little girls here?" asked Bertha.

"Yes, I have one," said the girl; "and won't you come right in, dear?"

"Yes, I will," said Bertha. "I came *a purpose*, and my name 's Bertha, and what 's your little girl's name?"

"Her name is Mary; but are you sure you ought to stop? I 'm afraid you ran away."

"Oh no, I did n't; I walked *every step* of the way."

The girl laughed, and a shy little face peeped in at the pleasant sitting-room door.

"Come here, Mary; here 's a little girl come to see you, — little Bertha."

Mary came in with one finger in her mouth, and stared bashfully at Bertha, who in turn gazed and grew silent. Evidently she could think of nothing further to say.

Presently Mary, attracted beyond her shyness, drew near and rubbed her hand over the "Empress Josephine's" dress.

"My mother 's gone, and Hattie 'n me 's keepin' house," said Mary, in a low tone.

"Is she? Let us play in your back yard, then, and I 'll be the mother, and you be my little girl, and the '*Empis* Jos'phine' shall be a nice lady."

"Can we, Hattie?" asked Mary.

"Yes, I don't care," said Hattie; "but Bertha better leave her nice bonnet in the house, and put on my hat to play in;" and she proceeded to untie Bertha's crumpled strings.

I think if Mary's mother had been there, she would have sent Bertha back home with her mamma's bonnet; but she was not, and so the little girls went out to play, carrying the beautiful doll with them.

They played happily for some time, soon getting quite well acquainted. But Mary was considerably younger even than Bertha, and had never seen so won-

derful a doll in all her life as this one, which could open and shut its eyes. The "Empress Josephine" had become a baby and lay on a little bed of grass and leaves, fast asleep, in one corner of the garden; Mary was left to take care of the baby, while the mother, Bertha, went into the kitchen to get a pail of water to "get supper with." She stayed quite a little time, for, being in a strange house, many things attracted her attention. Her return to her family was a sad one; for Mary, who was only a tiny girl, and whose curiosity had been at a high pitch to know how the doll "*could* open its eyes just like *'live*," had been experimenting a little in Bertha's absence. She had, in her attempt to discover the secret, peeled off the wax lids of the beautiful eyes, and, awful to relate, one of the eyes seemed to have fallen in a good deal and to be badly twisted from its proper place. All this gave the lovely "Empress" a most woful appearance.

Bertha uttered a scream of horror, and struck Mary a smart blow upon the cheek; and Mary, in turn, set up a most doleful cry.

"Oh, you naughty, hateful girl!" screamed Bertha. "What do you think Jenny will say, and what do you s'pose my mamma will do to you, you mean, *mean thing?*"

"I did n't *mean* to," sobbed Mary. "You need n't comed; anybody did n't tell you to, and you 've hurted me *awful* bad."

At this point Hattie, roused by the cries, came upon the scene. Bertha entered her complaint first, and Hattie, who was much vexed and mortified, seized and shook her lustily for her mischief; but when she saw the red finger-prints on Mary's cheek, which tingled still, she had half a mind to serve Bertha the same way, for she loved her little sister dearly, and resented the blow given her. She did not do so, however, but took Bertha into the house and put the elegant bonnet upon her, saying as she did so, "That 's your mamma's bonnet, and no doubt you 'll get punished for wearing it when you get back, and no wonder either."

Poor little Bertha's cup of sorrow, which seemed filled to the brim before, now ran over, and her crying burst forth afresh. She trudged slowly and sorrowfully up the street, her tears falling fast, with the disfigured doll hugged tightly to her. At last she sat upon her own doorsteps, not daring to enter the door, and cried aloud. Mamma and Jenny came running to the door.

"What 's the matter, darling?" said mamma, looking somewhat ruefully at her best bonnet; "and where *have* you been?" and she went down to Bertha. "Oh, dear, dear me!" she cried when she saw the doll, for the little girl sat with her back towards the house.

Bertha was taken in, and *this* was the end to her fine call which she had made without asking mamma.

Jenny, grieved, and angry also, sat and wiped her eyes upon one corner of her apron and gazed pityingly at door "Empress Josephine," who lay upon her lap and looked at her in a most melancholy manner, with one eye askew, while the other was quite rolled out of sight in her head.

"And Aunt Susie gave her to me only *very* last birthday," sighed Jenny. "I *do* think, mamma, that Bertha ought to be seen to, or something, to go and act *this* way."

"I *did n't* act this way; Mary did, and I *striked* her for it! Don't know what more *I* can do," wailed poor Bertha.

Mamma led her away into her room, and talked with her a long time. I do not know what she said, but this I know, that the little girl was very sorry for what she had done, and sometime, if my little readers care to know, I may tell them how Jenny got a new doll.

WHAT'S the trouble? Trouble enough. The pretty doll given to Mary for a Christmas present is broken New Year's morning. Did any of our readers ever have a doll broken so soon?

Do not consider any vice as trivial, and therefore practise it; do not consider any virtue as unimportant, and therefore neglect it.

A LITTLE boy, seeing two nestling birds pecking at each other, inquired of his elder brother what they were doing. "They are quarrelling," was the answer. "No," replied the child, "that cannot be: they are *brothers*."

"I think, mamma," said little Ned,
"'Tis time those hungry chicks were fed."
So he went out doors with a dish of food,
And fed it out to biddy's brood.

THE DAYSPRING FOR 1882.

It will be seen that the form of the "Dayspring" has been changed. It has only half as many pages as heretofore, but they are twice as large. The type is new, the quality of the paper better, and the cuts more numerous, although some of them are smaller than we have been accustomed to use. Our plan is to make the "Dayspring" a better paper than it ever has been, and we are confident that with the help promised us by many of the best writers for the young we shall succeed. We earnestly beseech ministers, superintendents, teachers, parents, and children, to use their influence to increase its circulation. The larger our subscription list, the better our paper will be and the more good it will do. *We shall occasionally publish a double, or sixteen-page, number*, and hope that the paper will be so liberally supported that another year we can give sixteen pages every month.

BOUND VOLUMES.

Bound volumes of the "Dayspring" for the years 1872–81, inclusive, are for sale at the office of publication, 7 Tremont Place, Boston. If not convenient to call, enclose *fifty cents* for any volume you want, and it will be sent by return mail.

You may have a bad acquaintance, but need never have a wicked companion.

All men praise patience, but few enough can practise it.

CONSCIENCE.

Conscience is a judgment seat more to be kept in sight than any other. Doing right is the best way of showing our love to God and man, and therefore to be conscientious is greater than to be pious and benevolent.

They whose large consciences are the most active are the salt of the earth and the light of the world.

Garfield had a large and healthy conscience; Guiteau a small and unhealthy one.

The reason why we do wrong so much, is that it is the hardest thing in the world always to do right.

Welcome those who persuade us to do right by their loving kindness and tender mercy.

W. G. B.

Puzzles.

RIDDLE.

My first is in pen, but not in ink;
My second is in eat, but not in drink;
My third is in knot, but not in tie;
My fourth is in sob, but not in sigh;
My fifth is in read, but not in spell;
My sixth is in ask, but not in tell;
My seventh is in may, but not in must;
My eighth is in bread, but not in crust;
My whole is what children love to see.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE DECEMBER NUMBER.

ENIGMA NO. 1.

A Grand Piano.

ENIGMA NO. 2.

Civil Service Reform.

EASY DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

1.	T	uni	C
2.	H	eart	H
3.	A	rthu	R
4.	N	aom	I
5.	K	is	S
6.	S	tru	T
7.	G	e	M
8.	I	ndi	A
9.	V	ow	S
10.	I	chabo	D
11.	N	iagar	A
12.	G	ra	Y.

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